

THE TRUE AMERICAN.

Devoted to Universal Liberty.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1846.

NUMBER 51.

VOLUME I.

TERMS.
Published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, or Three Dollars if not paid within three months.
Five copies to the Editor for the Editor.
To non-resident subscribers, in Silver Dollars, one dollar per year in advance, or two dollars after three months.
Subscriptions out of Kentucky payable in advance.
Remittances at the risk of the Editor.

AGENTS.
PAUL STYMOUR, General Agent, 8 E. corner of Walnut and Fifth streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.
CALVIN HATHORN, sole Agent for the New England States, No. 124 Washington street, Boston.
FRANCIS & WELLS, 115 Nassau street, New York.
E. D. DILLON, S. W. cor. of Green and Ridge Road Philadelphia.

Mr. Webster's Speech.
In the Senate, yesterday, on the bill reported from the Committee on Military Affairs, relative to the organization of volunteers for the army, Mr. Webster took occasion to say something relative to the finances of the government. His remarks are deeply interesting. We copy them in full from the National Intelligencer:

Mr. BENTON, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill to provide for the organization of the volunteer forces brought into the service of the United States into brigades and divisions, and for the appointment of the necessary number of general officers to command the same.

Mr. BENTON asked that the bill have its second reading now, and intimated his intention to call it up for consideration to-morrow.

Mr. WEBSTER said he was not at all surprised at the introduction of this bill; for aught he knew it was a necessary one; but it showed, at all events, that the law which it was intended to amend and improve was but a piece of patchwork. That law was not passed for calling into the service of the United States the militia of the country, nor was it passed in the regular exercise of the power conferred upon Congress for raising and maintaining an army. It was a mixed, an anomalous, and an incongruous system, as he would venture to say, this early occasion for its modification proved it to be, and as would be made abundantly evident before the war with Mexico is ended.

I shall not (continued Mr. W.) oppose the progress of this bill. I cannot say it is unconstitutional, though I think it is irregular, inconvenient, and not strictly conformable to the exercise of the constitutional power of Congress. If those who are charged with the conduct of the war, and are answerable for its results, think it necessary, I shall not oppose it. But I will take the occasion now presented, sir, of the second reading of an important bill, respecting the troops called into the service to carry on the war, to make a few remarks respecting the war itself, and the condition in which we find ourselves in consequence of that war. The war continues, and no man can say definitely when it will end—no man can say, upon any reasonable estimate, what expense will be incurred before its conclusion.

We have received a very important communication from the President—I mean his message of the 16th of June—setting forth his views and opinions, and the views and opinions of the Secretary of the Treasury, with respect to the means and sources of revenue for carrying on the war. Upon this, sir, as well as upon one or two other subjects connected with this bill, I have a few remarks to make.

The Executive is responsible for the conduct of the war, and for the application of the resources put at its disposal by the two houses of Congress for the purpose of prosecuting the war. For one, I shall not deny the government any supplies which may be considered necessary. Whatever may be thought of the origin of the war, the fact that war does exist, is itself a sufficient reason for granting the means for prosecuting that war with effect. Those who condemn the origin of the war, and those who most earnestly long for its termination, will all agree that the refusal of supplies will make no amends for what some lament, and would not hasten what, I hope, all desire.

The message of the 16th of June informs the Senate and the country that, for the fiscal year ending July, 1847, there will be, under the operation of the existing law of raising revenue, a deficiency, if the war continues, of twenty millions of dollars, and suggests the ways and means by which it is expected that this deficiency will be made good. I refer to these suggestions for the purpose of making a few observations upon them.

The object is to provide new sources of revenue, which shall realize a fresh amount beyond that furnished by the provisions of the existing law, of twenty millions of dollars, between this time and the first of July next year. This is the object. The first suggestion in the communication from the Executive government is, that five millions and a half may be produced by reducing the rates of duties on certain imported articles, and by levying new taxes on certain other imported articles now free of all duties; meaning principally, I suppose, by those articles now free, and which are to be taxed, tea and coffee. There is also an intimation or an opinion expressed by the Secretary of the Treasury, that a million of dollars will accrue to the Treasury under the operation of the warehouse bill, if that bill should become a law. In the next place, it is estimated that if the bill for graduating the price of the public lands should become a law, the augmentation of the sales of the public lands will so far counterbalance any losses incurred in the reduction of price, as, on the whole, to produce half a million of dollars more than would otherwise be obtained from that source. These several sums put together would leave a balance of \$12,580,000 still to be provided for, and a provision for this balance is contemplated either by loans or by an authority to the Treasury to issue Treasury notes, or both, with a distinct recommendation and preference, however, for the authority to issue Treasury notes.

Now, sir, with an anxious desire that the country shall be led into no mistaken policy in regard to this very important subject of revenue—subject always important, and intensely important in time of war—I will take occasion to suggest for gentlemen's consideration, what occurs to me as worthy of being suggested, in very few words, upon these several topics.

In the first place, there is no doubt that a tax properly laid upon tea and coffee will be productive of a clear positive revenue, but this will depend upon two things; first, upon the amount of the tax; and secondly,

upon the mode of laying it. The first is obviously a matter for consideration, and in regard to the second I suspect that gentlemen, who are desirous of raising revenue by this means, will find their calculations fallacious, unless they make the duty specific. In my opinion an ad valorem duty will disappoint their hopes of any considerable amount of revenue. If I mistake not, under such a system it will soon be found that tea, made up in Canton for the New York market, will become wonderfully cheap. A specific rate per pound will undoubtedly make the duty productive of revenue.

I doubt not that Treasury notes may be available for the use of the Government, to a considerable extent. I do not mean as revenue or income, but as instruments or facilities for the transfer of balances, and as proper to be used in anticipation of taxes or sources of income.

As to the Treasury notes, I think, I would say, simply, that it is the duty of the Government, as it has been intimated to us for some time, to resort to the issue of Treasury notes, I think the loss of a single day, especially the loss of a single week, will turn out to be quite inconvenient; that is, if the issue of Treasury notes is considered the best and the safest, if they can be used by the Treasury, under authority of law, before the money in the possession of the Government is exhausted. All I wish to say is, that I earnestly recommend to the Committee on Finance to bring in a bill by itself for the issue of Treasury notes immediately. I believe it has been as usual as otherwise for such laws to originate in the Senate; there is no constitutional impediment to such a course; and I hope that these and other important measures, such as the modifying of taxes and laying new ones, will not be suffered to lag along through Congress in a general omnibus bill. Where the subjects are distinct, they should be kept separate; and where they are simple and plain, they should be acted on promptly.

Having said this much of those two sources of assisting the revenue, the tax upon tea and coffee, and the issue of Treasury notes, both of which I admit to be efficient, and probably certain in their operations, I have now to say that other matters, suggested and relied on in the communications I have referred to, I consider conjectural, uncertain, and not fit to be the basis of provisions incumbent on us to make before we leave our seats here, to place the Executive in a proper condition to carry on the war. I suppose the calculation will be that a considerable amount will be secured by a considerable reduction of the duties upon articles already taxed, upon the supposition that the importation will be so much increased as to increase the aggregate receipts. I will not say that this is not a well founded opinion.

I have all proper respect for the source whence it comes; but I will venture to say that it is but an opinion; it hardly amounts to the character of an estimate, for want of certain and positive foundation. We have no experience from which we can derive a satisfactory conviction that such will be the result. If I were responsible, I should not choose to place reliance to any extent upon this plan.

Well, the next increase is to come from the operation of the warehouse system. I consider this equally void of any certain foundation to rest upon. I do not see how a million of money, in addition to the present income, it is to be derived from admitting goods into the country to be carried out again without paying any duty whatever. I really do not conceive that the facility of carrying goods through the country without the payment of duty, is going to produce a million of dollars. This is a matter of which I should like to see minute details; I should like to see calculations made by which this result is expected to be accomplished. At present, I do not see the practicability of it.

And so in regard to the public lands; it may be that the passage of the graduation bill would so enhance the disposition to buy by reducing the price, as considerably to increase the quantity sold; but that that increase will be so great as to produce an overplus of half a million or any other sum, notwithstanding the diminution of price, is, I think, a matter of opinion which cannot be relied upon. So that these sources of income appear to me to be rather too uncertain to be the foundation of any satisfactory provisions; there appears rather too much risk in making mere opinions, not to say conjectures, the basis of legislation for producing revenue for the purposes of Government.

The truth is, that, if this war continues, we must have a substantial taxation, or we must incur a public debt. We cannot look to Treasury notes as revenue; if they assume interest, and are payable at a distant day, they become of course a public debt. There must, then, be a substantial tax, or there must be a public debt, if the war continues. Our expenses are very great. I do not say they are unnecessary; I make no imputations of that sort at present. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the particulars; but I stated here sometime ago, upon the credit of others, that of which I am perfectly convinced, that our expenses have been half a million of dollars a day. Forty days ago we passed an act declaring that war existed, and authorized the calling out of fifty thousand volunteers. Well, sir, I have a full conviction that the military expenses of the Government, the expense of raising, equipping, and transporting the forces which are already been called out, will be found to have cost twenty millions, or very nearly that amount, at this moment. Some portions of our warlike preparations are pecuniary expensive—I mean the regiments of mounted volunteers. They are necessary, I suppose, for the nature of the service; but there was a document published here—a communication I think, from the War Department—when Mr. Poinsett was Secretary, in which it was estimated, if I mistake not, that one regiment of mounted riflemen in regular service cost the Government per annum as much as three regiments of infantry, each composed of the same number of men. And there is good reason to believe that these occasional regiments of volunteers will be still more expensive. Almost every circumstance connected with this war is calculated to increase the expense. The vast distance to be traversed makes the cost of transportation very great; and it becomes the duty of Congress to provide for this extraordinary expense. I do not say that the expense ought not to be incurred, I only say that from the nature of the war, the ex-

pense must necessarily be very great. And I take this occasion to say that I have seen with great pleasure the alacrity with which volunteers have rushed to the public service. A spirit of patriotism and devotion to the country's interest, has been manifested of which we may justly be proud.

But, upon these sources of revenue let me make another remark, though perhaps it is too obvious to acquire notice. For one half the deficiency the Government proposes to rely on Treasury notes or loans. Well, if this be so, then, of course, I suppose the idea of pressing for the present the Independent Treasury, or Sub-treasury, must be abandoned by every one, for, what would be the use of Treasury notes under a Sub-treasury administration? The issue of the Treasury notes would be perfectly inconsistent with the Sub-treasury system. It is quite plain that if the Government, for its own use, is driven to the necessity of issuing paper, it can have no occasion to make provisions for locking up its treasures. The sub-treasury system makes it penal to issue or receive anything but specie. They are therefore entirely inconsistent with each other.

With respect to loans, I beseech gentlemen not to deceive themselves. There is money enough in the country, it is true, and the credit of the government will be good if we lay such taxes as will produce revenue; but, if gentlemen suppose that a loan is to be contracted in this country for the use of the government, to be paid in specie, in the expectation that that specie is to be locked up, they will find themselves mistaken. Those who hold capital will consent to no such thing. If the government makes a loan, it must be made in the ordinary way—payable by instalments or otherwise, under circumstances that will show that this amount of money is not to be drained from all the operations of private life. I take it for granted, then, if loans are to be made, the new method of keeping the public money must be abandoned.

And now, sir, having said this much in relation to the ideas communicated to us respecting the mode of raising revenue, I desire to add that, in my judgment, the time has come to ask for the object and character and purposes for and under which the war is hereafter to be conducted. The people of this country, while they are willing to pay all needful expenses; while they are desirous of sustaining the glory of the American arms, while they are ready to defend every inch of American territory, and maintain all the essential rights of their country; the people, if I do not misread their desires, now wish to know the objects and purposes and ends for which this war is further to be carried on. There is not now a hostile foot within the limits of the United States. Our army, at first an army of observation, then an army of occupation, has become an army of invasion; I will not say unjust invasion; but it is encumbered at this moment beyond the limits of the United States, and within the acknowledged territory of Mexico; and if we may credit the rumors which have recently reached us, a purpose is entertained of marching immediately and directly to the city of Mexico. Well, now, the people, as I have said, appear to me to demand, and with great reason, a full, distinct, and comprehensive account of the objects and purposes of this war of invasion. The President, by two messages, one of the 13th of May and the other of the 16th of June, signifies that he is ready to treat with Mexico upon terms of peace; while it appears, at least as far as we know now, that Mexico is not willing to treat. In regard to this, I must say that, in my judgment, if this be the state of the case, Mexico is acting in an entirely unreasonable and senseless way, and the government of the United States, to this extent, is acting a proper one: that is to say, as the war does exist, and the American government is ready to treat, without prescribing terms, so as to show that her terms would be unacceptable, and Mexico declines to treat, why then, I say, so far the conduct of the U. S. is reasonable, and the conduct of Mexico unreasonable and senseless. I would desire on all such occasions, for many reasons, and in this case for two more than the rest, to keep our country entirely in the right, and to satisfy every individual in the country that it is in the right, and that it desires nothing wrong; and I would advise, if I were called on to give advice, that this government should tender a formal solemn embassy to Mexico. And the two reasons which would influence me are, in the first place, Mexico is weak and we are strong; it is a war, therefore, on her part against great odds; and in the next place Mexico is a neighbor, a weak neighbor—a republic formed upon our own model, who, when she threw off the domination of old Spain, was influenced through out mainly by our example; certainly we wished her success; certainly we congratulated her upon her change from a viceroyalty to a republic upon her own model; we wished her well; and I think now that the people of the United States have no desire (I think they have no pleasure) in doing her an injury beyond what is necessary to maintain their own rights. The people of the United States cannot wish to crush the Republic of Mexico; it cannot be their desire to break down a neighboring republic; it cannot be their wish to drive her back again to a monarchical form of government, to render her a mere appendage to some one of the thrones of Europe.

This is not a thought which can find harbor in the generous breasts of the American people. Mexico has been unfortunate; she is unfortunate. I really believe the Mexican people are the worst governed people in Christendom. They have yet to learn the true benefits of free institutions. Depressed and ruined by a dominant military power, maintaining an army of forty thousand troops, how can a Government, limited in its resources as that of Mexico, flourish? It is impossible. She has been unhappy, too, in the production or non-production of men to guide her councils. I am sorry to say it of a republic, but it is nevertheless true. Mexico has produced few or none really enlightened patriotic men. I verily believe, and I sadly fear, that history will hereafter record the melancholy truth, that, from the time of the establishment of an independent Government, the people of Mexico have been worse governed a great deal than they were under the vice-royalty. Nobody can wish to see her fall, but Mexico must hear the suggestions of reason. She must listen to terms of peace, she ought to know. And if her Government be not hopelessly stupid and infatuated, they must be aware that this is her true interest. Nothing can

exceed, I have always thought, the obstinacy and senselessness manifested by Mexico for so many years in refusing to acknowledge the independence of Texas. A correspondence between this Government and Mexico upon that subject took place at a time when I had something to do with the administration, so that my attention was particularly directed to the course of conduct pursued by Mexico, which struck me as resembling—though it was much more senseless—the conduct of old Spain in attempting for many years to reconquer the people of the low countries after they had declared their independence.

Mexico must be taught that it is necessary for her to treat for peace upon considerations which belong to the present state of things. We have just claims against her—claims acknowledged by herself in the most solemn form of treaty stipulations. She ought to make provision for the payment of those claims; in short, she must be brought to justice. I am not one of those who would do her an injustice, but does appear to me that if, after all that has occurred, she still persists in refusing to receive an American minister on the ground that it was through the fault of the United States that she lost Texas, she will be acting a very senseless part.

As to her enlisting the sympathy of foreign Powers, I have not the least belief that any Power stands behind Mexico. I have not the least belief in her possessing the assurance of any Power that, if she will hold on in the contest, foreign aid will be sent to her. I think the whole policy of the Governments of Europe takes a different turn. I believe that they think—and especially England—that it is their interests to have Mexico at peace; in a state of active industry, cultivating her resources, multiplying her products, and increasing her ability to purchase from them. I believe that this will soon be the declared policy of the British Government, as it is undoubtedly the true policy of all Governments. I believe, therefore, that if Mexico rests upon any hope that by-and-by aid and succor will come from foreign sources, that hope will entirely fail.

The newspapers speak of mediation. I doubt whether there is much truth in that; if, however, any offer of mediation be made by the best friend Mexico has, it must come down to this at last, that she must treat for peace. For one, I would vote for a suspension of hostilities to the end that negotiation might take place; and if I were to advise, I would say, make her an offer of a formal embassy. I would be for keeping ourselves entirely in the right. We can afford to do so; we can lose nothing in dignity by it. It is not stooping on our part, because all the world knows that the contest is very unequal. If she will consent to this, I say meet her in negotiation, and in the mean time suspend military operations. But if she will not do this; if she persists foolishly and senselessly in carrying on the war; if she prefer war to peace, then, of course she must have war, vigorous war, until she be compelled to adopt a different line of conduct.

Mr. WEBSTER having concluded, a brief discussion ensued between Messrs. BENTON and CRITTENDEN in relation to the mode of officiating the regiments of volunteers; when—

On motion of Mr. CRITTENDEN, the further consideration of the bill was postponed until to-morrow.

Speech of Theodore Parker in Faneuil Hall, Mass.

Mr. President, fellow-countrymen and women—this is a dark hour in which we are met—but there have before, in our country's history, been hours as dark to herald in bright dawnings. It was as dark an hour, the one that sent our fathers hither from their once honored country. They brought with them the principles of freedom, immature indeed, and not fully established; yet from the first Government formed in New England, to the time of the Federal Constitution, there was a steady advance of political sentiment in hostility to Slavery.

When the first slaves were brought hither from Africa, in 1616, a meeting of the several courts was instantly convened, to consider what course the sin demanded on the part of the body politic, under whose jurisdiction it was committed. The result was, that they were immediately sent back to their homes, at the expense of the Bay State, then not twenty years old; and your Governor wrote a letter, asking pardon of God, and the human race, for the deed! (Applause.) So we began our career as a State! (Applause.)

I am not going, at this crowded hour, to follow the stream of time down to the present crisis;—one event I will however bring hastily before you, for it marks our condition as a Church, in 1789, before the compromises of the Constitution had corrupted us. Then, when rumor said that three negroes had been forcibly brought hither as slaves, the community was stirred through all its members, to ascertain the facts; and where, do you think, did these three negroes, and the principles of right and freedom in their persons, find advocates? In the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers!—(Great applause.) They passed indignant resolutions—they adopted active measures, and in less than six months the wrong was righted; and the whole community turned out and spent that whole day as a day of festival and jubilee! (Applause.)

The Federal Constitution was adopted, and from that hour there has been a constant falling away from the great principles of right and duty. Does any man doubt that? Look at the annual messages and proclamations of our Governors. They are always selected from the religious men of the land, and twice a year they call on their fellow-citizens to cease from daily toil, and meet together, once in penitence, and once in praise, before the God who crowns the year with his mercy. I have recently read those various proclamations. A friend of mine, of great antiquarian research, placed them all before me. They pray to God, and praise him for all manner of temporal mercies. For blessings on the mercantile and the manufacturing interest—on the farms, and on the fisheries; but from the suggestion of reason. She must listen to terms of peace, she ought to know. And if her Government be not hopelessly stupid and infatuated, they must be aware that this is her true interest. Nothing can

might be prosecuted at common law, but not a word of rebuke for slavery; and is not this a sufficient indication of the fallen condition of our people, both in a civil and religious light?

We profess great reverence for the Constitution which has so degraded our moral character, but how much regard have we for it in reality? Have we not stood tamely by and seen it a thousand times violated? Most indisputably; and last of all, in these times most flagrantly, by the annexation of Texas—the mode of her representation, and above all by the present informal method of invading Mexico; justifying outrage by fathering it upon that injured country. We have tried to justify ourselves by saying what is false before men, and false before God, and our reverence for the Constitution is all talk. When we speak of Texas, comrades that we are, we go forward boldly, for the way is all smooth, because of the weakness of the people we are invading. But talk of Oregon, and our words are all the other way. We fear the thunders of that awful mother-in-law across the sea!—(Violent hissing.) Hiss on, my friends! It is the first time I have ever been hissed in my life. Possibly it is because I have not till now been true to this great cause which I now obey. Is there not a reason why men here should support Slavery? They make money out of it. Our creed, Americans, once ran thus:—I believe in God the Father,—the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one God. Now let me tell you what our belief, expressed in words as it is in deeds, would be:—I believe in the golden eagle—I believe in the silver dollar—I believe in the copper cent, and these three are one money—the trinity of our worship. (Hissing and clamor from the galleries.) I repeated this creed in my language, and you have said amen in yours! (Applause from the body of the Hall, followed by hissing from the galleries.) Do you doubt it? [No! from the gallery.] I wish you did! But no—you would be ready for revolution every man of you, if you could see it to be a question of cash! When the Government ordered the postmasters to be paid in specie, the men of loyalty and allegiance could get up a riotous demonstration, historically known as the ten cent rebellion. There is no shadow of doubt, the God, the creed, the worship of these times, are all akin to money; and of that, the fact, that, till this hour, no meeting of citizens has been here held to protest against the Mexican war, is alone sufficient proof.

There have been dark hours in our country's history ere now. That was a dark hour in Plymouth Colony, when, in time of war, she had spent more money than all the real and personal estate in her limits would amount to. It was a dark hour, that, of the passage of the Boston Port Bill. It was a dark hour, when Washington retreated before the foe. It was a dark hour, when the people of Massachusetts saw, from the hills-top round, the capture of the Chesapeake; but never was there darkness in our land to compare with the darkness of this hour.

Every fibre of my frame, every pulsation of my heart shrinks from this war, though my fathers have fought in every revolutionary battle where brave blood grew hot and was poured out for freedom. Any war is to be deprecated. It is a terrible course to fall upon a land; but it is worse to lose the sense of right. It is a far more dreadful course to have chosen men for representatives, who are false to the principles of the nation, and false to that great principle of freedom, without which, no nation professing it can long exist. (Applause.) Far heavier is the curse of Slavery on a people, than the direct devastations that could follow its extinction in any way, even though the blazing beams and rafters of our cities were reflected from waters reddened to a dye more than Syrian, by the invading nation whose standard should bring to us deliverance! (Applause.) The American gentleman and scholar, when traveling in other lands, is ashamed to show the passport which tells his origin. The great American Church is rebuked by the little Church in Ireland, whose very heresy it thus appears is more Christian than any thing our most orthodox religionists have to boast; and I would this assembly had time to take note of the manner in which that warning has been acted upon in another meeting which took place. [Mr. Parker alluded to the Unitarian Conference, where the thorough anti-slavery and anti-war resolutions were adopted.] The times are speaking to us in a voice more eloquent than yours, Sir, [addressing Garrison, F. Jackson, Remond, and other well-known Abolitionists on the platform,] and yours, and yours. There are a noble few in this nation who have never bent the knee to the nation's idol. The land is disgraced, but good men are not disgraced, when, in times like these, weak and bad men betray its dearest interests and holiest principles. It was Hutchinson, not the people; it was Gage, not Massachusetts, of whom the ignominious memory goes down to all future time. Talk of the need we have of Texas and Mexico, to accommodate the swarming millions of the Anglo-Saxon race! Why, in fifty years the Anglo-Saxon race would of necessity, have all that land under its sin. Our rulers will not wait, but sinfully seize upon it as plunder and spoil. But we can refuse to fight, fellow-citizens, in so foul a cause. I know it was said by one, who contradicted his previously expressed convictions when he said it, "our country, however bounded." But I will know no country that is not bounded by right. I know the Government has sent for troops, but I also know that Massachusetts can refuse them. She refused Governor Hutchinson, she refused Governor Gage; and, if she obeys Governor Briggs, she's not the same Massachusetts! (Enthusiastic applause.)

Who are the men to go? Not the Whigs, surely!—Not the Democrats! [A single voice, "yes!"] Go, then! (Great applause.) The new revolution has begun, and in the same manner as the old one did,—by the spreading abroad of ideas. We have to change the feelings of men. Sentiments beget ideas—ideas beget actions. I look into this throng of glowing faces of men and women now before me, all won to the advocacy of right, by the efforts of a very few whom I could count on my fingers, without having the hands of Briareus, and

I see the way in which this revolution shall be wrought out. Hope grows stronger within me. Why, there is not now a city in the land that has not its antislavery press. Despair for freedom in Faneuil Hall! Never! I will, for the instant, turn my face from you, that I may gather strength, from looking on that stern old puritan! [turning to the portrait of Samuel Adams.] So sure as there is a God in Heaven, shall his principles spread through the land. (Applause.)

This is the first time that I ever heard my own voice in Faneuil Hall. From my childhood, I have held its hallowed walls in highest reverence, and when I have before been asked to awaken their echoes, I have feared to do it. But the emergency makes me forget the dictates of my veneration. I am not wont, on ordinary occasions, to complain of my poor ability, for I find voice enough for their demands. But now, at a moment of such deep import to the Commonwealth,—of such significance to the history of the country, and of the world, I would I had a mouth in every member of my frame,—I would I were all over speech and language, that I might arouse my fellow citizens to the urgent claims of this momentous hour. (Continued and enthusiastic applause.) Mr. Parker was followed by Mr. Remond, in a speech of so much power, that it fairly conquered the vulgar part of the audience.

Iowa.

The Treaty with Great Britain has now completed a definite line of boundary on the North of the United States, across the continent of America. A limit is set to acquisition in this direction, beyond which it will not be possible to go without the sword of land knocks. The free territory of the Union may therefore be measured at a glance. It is still very large, but the policy which is rightly followed up at Washington, of carving it into States of enormous dimensions, is calculated to deprive the influence which it should, by every ordinary rule, be allowed to exert, and to sustain for an indefinite period, the preponderating power which the slaveholding States have acquired, by the annexation of Texas, over the Union.

Let us take for example the late case of Iowa. When the question came up, a year or two since, of the admission of this territory as a State, it was found that the limits within which it was bounded, embraced an area of great extent, extending from the 40th parallel on the South, all the way up to the 43rd on the North, and of corresponding breadth. This State was proposed on the one hand, at the very time when the small territory of Florida was proposed on the other, each of which was to have the same weight, without regard to size and numbers, in the Senate of the Union. Nor yet was this quite all. A serious motion was made in the House to divide Florida into two parts, East and West, which got some votes, at the very same time that Iowa, which would embrace the area of many such States as Florida, was to come in whole. It is true that Mr. Vinton of Ohio, in a very statesmanlike speech, in which, however, according to careful precedents, he did not once use the term slavery, made his colleagues aware of the thoughtless waste of political power in the Union which they were thus committing, and succeeded, with their aid, in effecting a reduction of the limits prescribed in the bill. It did so happen that the amended form carried with it some local objections, in the minds of the people of the territory, that overbalanced the sense of their political interests, and they voted to reject it, even though they knew the rejection was to keep them two years longer out of the Union.

Thus it always has been with the people of the free States. Thus it is that the predominance of their principles, the principles that lie at the foundation of all republican government, has been lost by their own rash and ill-considered habits of political action. It is but a week or two since, that this subject again came up in the House of Representatives for consideration. The old boundary of Iowa had been restored, and a territory big enough to hold an independent nation, was to be introduced to as much power in the Senate as is wielded by the little States of Delaware and Rhode Island. Again did Mr. Vinton make an attempt to reduce the northern limits of the State, and Mr. Rockwell of Massachusetts, a member of the Committee on the Territories, ably supported him by introducing an amendment taking off at least half a degree of latitude, but this time they met with no success. So entirely has the Western spirit been broken down in the contest of the past two years, that it yielded without a struggle, the point to which it had been rallied. In this connection it ought to be noticed that no party lines were maintained. The slaveholding States, Whig and Democrat, voted almost to a man for holding to the largest limit.

Such is one out of many examples that might be adduced, of the difference in policy between the Free States and the Slave States, through which a practical subversion of the whole theory of our government is steadily going on to completion. To say that the majority rules in America even now, is a perfect mockery, and it is becoming more and more an absurdity every day. The next engine, which is in operation at this moment, to continue and perfect the slaveholding influence, is the war with Mexico, which will not terminate without the seizure of California. And California once acquired, there is no Southern limit of the United States, which cannot be made as elastic as India rubber to the touch of slaveholding ambition.

And under this masterly series of operations to effect the basest of all treachery to Liberty, are we to be constantly told that nothing must be said of the influence that is at work to bring it about? Are the Senators and Representatives of the free portion of this country to shut their mouths and be dumb, from fear of disturbing the paltry combinations by which they hope in some distant futurity to get into place? It is a solemn fact, that the silence which is kept upon all these movements, is working the ruin of our noblest hopes in America. It must be broken up, whatever it may cost. The people must demand a change of system—they must hold the men whom they send to represent them to a rigid responsibility, not so much for what they say, as for what they do not say. This alone can put a check to the alarming corruptions which are making headway in the system of the General Government. This alone will furnish one remaining chance for a re-

formation of the principles of the Declaration of our National Independence. Let this object, then, be the incentive to all future exertion.

A Speaking Telegraph.
Dr. Hume, one of the Professors in the Citadel Academy at Charleston, has invented a "Speaking Telegraph." The Charleston Courier, in which the invention is announced, does not state how the result is effected; but gives the following account of what is actually accomplished:

"The Russian telegraph is alleged to be capable of expressing ten different sounds by ten wires. The Charleston telegraph expresses two sounds by two wires, and may be made to express the 26 sounds composing the alphabet, by 27 wires, [one for each letter, and one to give the electrical power]; but this is unnecessary, for if a sufficient number of distinct sounds can be expressed by fewer wires to make an intelligible language, the object is accomplished. The difference between this telegraph and Morse's, consists in the substitution of sounds for marks, and greater simplicity. It is distinctly audible in a large room; and any, who will take the trouble to learn its language, may hear the news as fast as it is told at the other end."

We cannot well imagine how the "substitution of sounds for marks" can be regarded as an improvement on the system of Prof. Morse, now so successfully in use between Washington and New York. The most useful and remarkable feature in Prof. M.'s telegraph is that it *imitates* the communication. The "speaking telegraph" of Dr. Hume, it occurs to us, is on a footing with Wheaton's, which points out the information on a dial by the deflection of the needle. Morse's is superior to both in this: that the communication by it is *permanent*—it is recorded, and may be read any length of time after it is written. Besides, we have been informed by skillful operators that the sounds of the stylus invented by Professor Morse, when the manipulations are made by a person who beats time with a studied regularity, impart to a sensitive and accustomed ear the purport of the communication with astonishing accuracy.

Dr. Hume's invention is certainly an ingenious one, but it is not likely, we think, to take the place of the recording telegraph.

Picture of War by Dr. Rush.
A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Washington, calls to mind the well-known sentiments of the late Dr. Rush on the subject of War:

"The growth of a military spirit in this country, is infinitely to be deprecated. Dr. Rush regretted the total silence of the Federal Constitution on the subject of an office for promoting and preserving perpetual peace in our country. Indeed, it is not probable that one-fourth the money expended through such an office, for the prevention of war, would effect more good than all that is expended by the War Office in the support of armies and the prosecution of war. After exhibiting the outlines of such a Peace office, the Doctor adds: 'Let a following sentence be inscribed in letters of gold over the doors of every State and Court House in the United States: THE SON OF MAN CAME NOT INTO THE WORLD TO DESTROY MEN'S LIVES, BUT TO SAVE THEM.'"

And to affect the mind of the people of the United States, with a sense of the blessings of peace, as contrasted with the evils of war, the Doctor proposed the following inscriptions to be painted on a sign over the door of the War office:

1. An office for butchering the human species.
2. A widow and orphan making office.
3. A broken-bone making office.
4. A wooden-leg making office.
5. An office for creating private and public vices.
6. An office for creating speculators, stock-jobbers, and bankrupts.
7. An office for creating famine.
8. An office for creating political diseases.
9. An office for creating poverty, and for the destruction of liberty and national happiness.

A Beautiful Picture.
Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings; that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it more strange that they escape so long, than they almost perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the tenement that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of our life, are impregnated with death—health is made to operate its own destruction! The food that nourishes the body, contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire tends to wear it out by its own action. Death lurks in ambush along one path. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors perish among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world.

The Missionary's Wife.
There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. I saw much of the missionaries abroad, and even made many warm friends among them; and I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant, that the winds must not breathe upon too rudely, recovers from the separation of her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency, she raises his drooping spirits; she bathes his head, and smooths his pillow of sickness. I have entered her dwelling, and have been welcomed as a brother, and sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils and privations of a traveller in the East. And when I left her dwelling, it was with a mind burdened with remembrances to friends whom she will, perhaps, never see again.—Stephen's Incidents of Travel.

THE TRUE AMERICAN.

"GOD AND LIBERTY."

LEXINGTON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8.

Cassius M. Clay.
We belong to that class which abhor war and hate slavery. We are twin in their monstrous criminality. And of all wars, we regard the war now waging against Mexico by the U. States, as the most unchristian and brutal, and we would go as far as he who goes the farthest, in opposing it.

Entertaining these views, we cannot be supposed to lean very favorably towards any one who is engaged in that war. We could not in the nature of things do so. But our own strong convictions of its cruelty and injustice shall not blind us to the honesty (mistaken if you please) of any one who with different convictions takes part in it. With this feeling we propose saying a word with simplicity and directness as to C. M. Clay's course—a course which has been the cause of no little comment on the part of the public press, and no small share of censure from many of his friends.

We find in the Christian World, of the 27th June, the following remarks:
"The last number of the 'True American' contains the announcement that Mr. Clay has volunteered for the war, and is going to the Rio Grande. The reasons he gives for this step are, of course, wholly unsatisfactory. They might prove, that if the country was in actual danger from an invading army it would not be wrong for him to take the field. They can never prove it a duty for him to go to Mexico."

It is true. He has left the true battle field for the false one. He has left his duty—the great and noblest, perhaps, which God has assigned to any living American—he has left his glorious warfare for one, which he vainly attempts to show is not a sin; which he does not even try to show is more moral courage than ninety-nine men in a hundred, but not so much as he needed to be the bravest of the brave. For he who subdues his own spirit is greater than he who conquers a city.

—Soon rested those who fought; but thus
The struggle in the land is over;
For truth which man receives not, though
The warfare only ends with life."

In that "friendless warfare, lingering long, through weary day and weary year," he wanted fortitude to continue. Yet in the very paper which contains his declaration of his purpose of going to Mexico, is an invitation addressed to him by the inhabitants of Lewis county, Ky., to come and address them on the subject of slavery, on the 4th of July. Would not that have been better than going to the Rio Grande?

Nevertheless, Cassius Clay is a noble man—nobler, even in this fault, than many of us who can see and criticize it. As to his enemies, this, his greatest fault, is the greatest virtue of which they are capable. His virtues, they are unable even to comprehend.

We concur in the general opinion of this true-hearted writer. Neither he, nor ourselves, could engage in the war against Mexico without violating our whole duty. But should Mr. Clay be judged by the same rule which we apply to ourselves? We say not, and we say so, because his views of resistance are different, and because his opinion of the duties of the citizen vary wholly from ours.

Let us look at this.
In 1844, annexation was the topic of the day. Mr. Clay took an active part against it, in private and in public, and everywhere, at the North, as well as at the South, assumed this ground; that if annexation were carried, war would ensue, and, that in that war he should fight. At Rochester, he was very emphatic on this point. While urging the people to go against annexation, he said: "You need not expect to escape war; it will come; you will be forced to sustain it; and I, in common with many of you, will carry it out, although we hate the means which shall bring it about, and the ends for which it shall be waged." This view he has invariably maintained, and this, therefore, in his volunteering but setting out the honest conclusions of his own mind!

Nor does it seem strange to us, born and brought up in the State States we have been, that he should hold this opinion, and carry it out.
The Southern States are fond of martial display, and, as a matter of policy, do in their power to encourage a martial spirit. Kentucky and Tennessee take the lead in this. They have furnished men—volunteers—in all our wars—Indian, as well as foreign. Public opinion, therefore, is very different in these States from the public opinion of New England. It demands of their sons that they should go wherever danger threatens our flag, without enquiring into the cause of quarrel, and he is held to be the best citizen, who braves the most in defending it.

In this martial spirit Cassius M. Clay has been literally trained. It was his boyhood ambition to figure as a soldier. As a man, he has looked upon the tented field, and its pomp and panoply, as a goodly and a glorious thing. And, since he has been of age, he has been conspicuous in a martial region as a martial leader; and it was not until he began the publication of the True American, that he abandoned the military for the moral labors of the forum. Now, looking at the spirit of the community in which he lives, and the training which he received in it—looking at his "wonderful organic courage"—his "iron will"—his "nerves of steel"—it is at all strange, that he should have avowed himself, as he did in '44, and acted as he has done, in volunteering for the war, in '46? We think him consistent. It is just what we should expect from a character formed as his has been, and constituted as we all know it to be.

But our friend asserts that "he has left the true battle field for the false one." We both think so, looking at the act in itself. We would rather address the two hundred brave men of Lewis county, in defence of freedom, than win on any battle field in Mexico. But, though this would be correct as to the writer in the Christian World and ourselves, it is not correct when applied to C. M. Clay. And for many reasons. First: he did not see his duty in this light; secondly: he believed that in taking the step he did he would strengthen himself and his friends, in their warfare against slavery. The mob of the 18th had shut the public press measurably against him. He had so far overcome opposition in Lewis, and one or two other counties, through the True American, as to induce the people to demand a public discussion of slavery. But the press, generally, as well as the majority of the voters of the State, were unwilling that he should appear before them, or that this vexed question should be openly debated. But, by going to the war—by meeting, at once and promptly, the martial spirit of the people—he believed, as his friends in Kentucky generally thought, that he would be enabled, on his return, to discuss the question of emancipation freely in every county of the State; because, through this step, he would put down the chief slander which had prostrated him—namely, that it was hostility to the people of the South, and not to slavery, which had induced him to attack the peculiar institution. C. M. Clay, then, according to this view, has not left the true battle field for the false one; he has only sought to put himself in a position where, in that true battle field, hereafter, he may win a more glorious victory than ever, for hu-

manity. We know this, without passing a word with him, to be his reasoning, and we know, not only that he is not weary of well-doing, but that, if he lives, he will serve God by spending and giving—"by doing his whole duty in the greatest and noblest sphere assigned to any living American."

Our friend of the Christian World intimates that Mr. Clay yielded to an impulse, and allowed the physical to subdue the moral.
No man, out of the Slave States, understands, or can be made to understand, the annoying oppression which Mr. Clay had to bear. He felt it in every way. The stranger saw it, plain and palpable as the day, in every act of the pro-slavery power towards him. He did nothing which was not misinterpreted; his every act was followed by a vindictive misconstruction. He stood measurably alone, where once he had troops of friends, and heard maledictions from lips, which of old were opened only to bless or to praise him. That he should desire to relieve himself from this occasioning is likely; it is that he should seize on this opportunity which would enable him to leave it off, is all natural enough. But we know, if we know anything, that his single motive would be the obtaining of a power, by which, and through which, he might be more instrumental than he now is, in making freedom universal in Kentucky, and in the land. He would sink away from no oppression, merely because he bore hard upon him. He would not allow his organic courage to master his moral courage, if thereby the cause of humanity should suffer. No! Mr. Clay has become a soldier in obedience to his own notion of duty, knowing that pro-slavery will never see or reward his physical bravery, do what he may, and submitting to the sacrifice, only that he may conquer in the moral conflict which he so bravely began.

And the question naturally arises here, what will be the effect of his conduct on the cause of freedom in Kentucky and the slave States?
We answer—favorable every way. When it was understood, at Lexington, that he had volunteered, and that the Governor was likely, so popular was he with the soldiery, to confer upon him a staff appointment, one of the largest and most influential slaveholders remarked—"if he gets that, or is elected to any command, and goes to Mexico, he will triumph over us, in spite of all we can do," and, forthwith, he and his friends set themselves to work to prevent this result. They succeeded; Gov. Owsley failed to fulfill his promises. They then attempted to control the soldiers of the oldest company in the State; but they rebelled, and unanimously elected him their Captain. This shows what the strong pro-slavery men think, and fear will result from C. M. Clay's volunteering. We have, besides this testimony, two letters before us; one from a christian man of eminence, in Lewis county, and the other from a plain, but influential farmer, near Glasgow, Barren county. The first says, "Clay has the slaveholders on the hip; they cannot keep him down any longer. Even Mr. — says now, 'he shall be heard anywhere. He has proved himself a patriot and lover of the whole country.' Keep up the True American, and let it be the freeman's organ, and, when Cassius comes from the wars, he can make the issue, liberty or slavery, in every county in the State." The other declares—"Clay is a wise and good man. His articles against the war were disliked by his friends, and made a big handle of by his enemies. But his volunteering has put the former in the best of spirits, and confounded the latter. Even the famous out-and-out, our grand doctor of laws, said, at the Hotel, yesterday, 'dog me, if Clay don't beat them all yet!' Besides, at camp, he is the observed of observers. Farmers inquire for him first. They come from afar to see him, and one told him, in the presence of a friend of ours, the other day—'Well, they can't say anything more against you now. Our folks say you are the best man in the State.'"

Knowing the temper of the people as we do, we do not hesitate to say, that the act of Cassius M. Clay, in volunteering for the war, will add immensely to his power, and that it will be the means of giving him a position from which the pro-slavery men cannot drive him. If he lives, he will yet be master of the field, and that, too, through a course of conduct which we could not pursue, and which, in itself, we think wrong.

We speak as a Southern man, about these matters, having some knowledge of Southern men, and do not think we err. We embrace the occasion, however, to add, that the True American will not support the Mexican war, that it will contend for what is right between Mexico and the United States, and never cease to urge upon the people the necessity of demanding that our Government, in all things, should do even and exact justice. In our next number we shall give our reasons why we think the True American should receive the warm and hearty support of the friends of freedom throughout the land.

Mexico.
New Orleans dates of the 24th bring news of further revolutions in Mexico. On the 20th May the Department of Juquila declared for Santa Anna. The military and the people acted in concert. A formula was drawn up consisting of ten articles—Among these we notice one pledging the fourth part of the revenues to the support of the war. One half of Mexico is now in revolt against Paredes. We shall win honor, certainly, in conquering this divided people.

From the Army.
We have dates from the army up to the 20th.—Gen. Taylor is taking military possession of the various towns on the Rio Grande. He meets with no opposition, nor is he likely to meet with any. Some of the best officers in the army express the opinion that war is over, because the Mexicans have not the means nor will to fight.

The story of Canales having delivered himself up, is contradicted. Yucatan has proclaimed her neutrality in the war now carried on between the U. States and Mexico.

The Tariff.
This is the main topic now under debate at Washington. The speeches are of the usual character, with one exception, that of Mr. Brinkerhoff of Ohio. He announced that the Ohio Delegation would not support McKay's bill—that the West had been excluded from a share of the federal patronage—that they would not lick the hand that smote them, nor kiss the foot that spurned them—that a miserable war was waged against Mexico for Southern conquest, while the government had yielded everything to the British Lion. The country will not stand it. Ohio will not. See to it in time, said the member. I speak to wise men—judges.

Mr. Yancey denounced Mr. B. and his spoils politics. Let a man stand up for principle. If he could not do that without getting office or being paid for it, he ought to be treated with contempt by the government and scorned by the people. The "Declaration of Independence" he treated with contempt, and he was for throwing off the Ohio malcontents in the most summary manner.

Army Operations.
The plan of operations, according to report, is very large.

General Taylor is to march to the city of Mexico. Gen. Wool to subdue the provinces of Chihuahua and Coahuila and to co-operate with Gen. Taylor. Gen. Kenney is to take possession of Santa Fe and to be independent in his sphere of action. These orders, it is said, were issued on the 15th inst.

Our MEXICAN ABROAD.—Mr. McLean at London and Mr. King at Paris, have asked permission to return home. It will doubtless be granted.

The Answer.
We agree, in opinion, with our friend E. Corner, and would cheerfully give place to his communication if any good could be accomplished by it.

"The friends of freedom, as it appears to us, must learn to look at the cause with a large wisdom, and a wise toleration. We cannot bend men to our particular views. We are so constituted as to defend immaterial matters often, with more enthusiasm and earnestness, than what is really material. If our cause depended upon the particular views of any one man, or set of men, the case would be different. But it does not. Allowing each man, or party of men, to be honest, the great question with us should be—can the great cause of freedom be advanced by their co-operation? If so, let us unite with one or many, and make our influence tell the most in behalf of freedom."

Our friend would have all the advocates of liberty governed by the fixed and abiding principles of the Gospel. So would we. For were it so, slavery would fall before it; no power could put it against it. But where shall we look for this fixed and abiding principle of the Gospel? It is not in the church. Look at it. If it extends North and South, and remains united, its ministers, like running political tricksters, endeavor, in their greed, counsels to hide; and, if they cannot do that, to put down, by a forced tyranny, all freedom of discussion upon the question of slavery. They will make overtures about questions, whether a man shall marry his deceased wife's sister, and debate them for weeks—nay, as to that, for years. They will get up resolutions about sending missionaries to China, or to the Indies, or grow wrathful, and mightily indignant upon a proposition to disapprove dancing and going to theatres. But let a whisper be heard about anti-slavery—let some pragmatic brother declare that he will bring the Presbytery, Conference, or what not, to a test vote, and immediately you will hear it said—"Oh! it will not do—it is unconstitutional—it is wrong!"—and then by a judicial reference to committees, or application of the gag, the whole matter is hushed up, as if it were of no moment to the Church, to Gospel-truth, or to man.

Nor is this fixed and abiding principle of the Gospel to be found in society. It is not wonderful that men, professing not Christians, should doubt the purity of the Church while it so acts. The man of the world is shrewd. He knows what earnestness and perseverance will do in business, and what it would accomplish for religion. When, therefore, he sees any Church indifferent to what is vital—not merely the apologist of slavery, but the unforced desecrators of God's great fundamental principle of life and liberty—Love ye one another—he scents at it as a hypocritical mockery. And he ends, as all who belong to his class end, in simply working for his own selfish, and not sensual advancement. True, the generous impulses of our nature, and the genial influences of the Gospel, despite the hollowness of those who teach it, force hundreds and thousands into higher and purer duties of life, and warm them up to loftier and nobler exertions for man. But the mass of society are stunted, morally, by this base desertion of duty on the part of the Church, and they clutch at dollars, or cling to them, as if they would strew the pathway of life with flowers, and open the portals of heaven. And what is slavery to them! What is curses and its national shame! They put it from them as no matter of theirs, and say, in action, "if I were in the slaveholder's place, I would hold on to my bond, and make the most out of them."

But worse than all, the very advocates of freedom themselves do not possess, and are not influenced by those fixed and abiding principles of the Gospel, to which our friend refers. Mark their course. Do they tolerate any, even the slightest difference of opinion, if that difference clash with their own particular notions? Are they content to labor together, side by side, bound by their own spirit, while entertaining diversity of belief? They are bolder, freer, truer, in many respects, than most other parties. Some members have attained almost the upper level of Christian freedom. But most of us have narrow notions about men and things—an iron bond upon which we would thrust every one, and make them measure its length. We must get rid of this—it poisons our spirit, and retards the progress of the cause. We may regret, for instance, that the True American does not avoid sentiments congenial with ours; we may hold it to be one-sided, narrow, unwise; but, if it be truly an honest advocate of the cause—if, in a new field, especially, it is winning over friends to freedom, and making a love for liberty a real living principle in the public heart, shall we cast it aside, because, in certain particulars, it does not chime in with our views, or because it violates certain particular opinions we hold essential? We say of it, as we say of all, let it work out its own good in its own sphere, and let us help it, as we would help all, to accomplish its great result.

Our friend need not be uneasy as to our course. Our eye is fixed upon the monster-world of our age and land. We will spare no man, as far as our power extends, who seeks to uphold slavery, whether he be its apologist, or its practical defender. More, we cannot say to our correspondent; less, we are sure, he would not ask.

Destructive Fire at St. Johns, N. F.
A destructive fire took place in St. Johns on the 12th, by which two-thirds of the town was laid waste, at a loss of near a million sterling. Two streets of a mile in length were burnt over, leaving some 12,000 people homeless. Three persons lost their lives, two of them artillerymen, in endeavoring to blow up a building. Only one commercial house is left standing, that of Newman & Co.

St. Johns, N. F., contains a population of about 20,000 inhabitants. The town was burnt twice before—once in 1824, when most of the inhabitants took refuge on board the vessels in the harbor for safety—and again in 1810. It seems to be an ill-fated town. The buildings were principally of wood.

The Banks of Ohio.
The Ohio State Journal publishes a statement of the condition of the Banks of Ohio on the first Monday of May, 1846, from which we give the following aggregates:

RESOURCES.	
Hills deposited,	\$8,631,884.40
Specie in vaults,	1,434,371.17
Eastern deposits,	916,025.96
Notes of other banks,	978,254.35
Due from other banks,	2,623,967.82
Bonds with State Treasurer,	722,707.27
Other resources,	1,088,274.19
Total resources,	\$13,778,993.61
LIABILITIES.	
Circulation,	\$4,785,293.00
Due to banks,	978,979.42
Due to State Treasurer,	2,623,967.82
Contingent Fund,	250,911.83
Bonds with State Treasurer,	444,180.99
State Tax for six months,	12,739.50
Other liabilities,	682,734.67
Total liabilities,	\$9,811,405.62
Capital Stock,	4,097,588.00
Total liabilities,	\$13,778,993.61
Excess capital for six months,	\$1,757,984.84
Tax paid on each \$100 stock, 49 cents 4 mills.	
Tax per annum, on the dollar of stock, 4.94 mills.	

U. S. Court.
Mr. Buchanan has taken leave of the State Department. He was on the 20th nominated as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court for the circuit of Pennsylvania.

General Gates.
A Washington letter states that the President has ordered General Gates to be tried by Court Martial on charges growing out of his recent movement at the South in calling into service volunteers to prosecute the war against Mexico, and that he is now under arrest awaiting the organization and convening of the Court.

Well Spoken.
We ask attention to the calm and able article headed "Our Course," and published on our third page.

We have been asked very frequently, why we devote so much space to the free States. This article, furnished, in part, an answer to this question. Most politicians in the slave States assert that the people of the free States have nothing to do with slavery, and a majority of them assent to this dogma as an admitted truth. Nothing could be more absurd. The position is false from beginning to end, and its currency has been the cause of most of our internal difficulties—as it is the cause, now, of every evil which threatens the stability of our Union.

We would wish to speak of the aggressions of the South in no excited temper, and with no bitterness of feeling. But that man must be blind who does not see that they are so enormous, and so oppressive, as to be no longer tolerable. The Slave Power has all the chief offices of Government,—is in possession of the whole patronage of government.—This might be borne; but when the influence of these offices, and this patronage, is exerted to extend and perpetuate human servitude; to put power into the hands of masters for their sole end; and, in working out this end, to cripple and limit the influence of the free States, by a violation of the Constitution, and disregarding utterly the rights of humanity—we see not how human endurance can longer bear with it.

The motive for combined action, then, on the part of the free States, is as strong as ever influential society. It relates to their immediate welfare, and the perpetuity of the Union. But in addition to this, we have really no other means by which we can destroy slavery, than by a thorough moral combination of the free States. What has produced all the reforms which have blessed society? Whence has come our progress? It has not been through the efforts of any one man, however great and good he may have been. Luther, all fiery and energetic as he was, was, after all, but the mouth-piece of the peasantry of Germany; and Washington, with his pure and elevated spirit, only embodied the soul which animated and directed our revolution. It has been the loud beating of the public pulse which has created for every occasion its leader. And until there be, on the part of the free States, oneness of purpose on the subject of human freedom, we shall not have at Washington an administration of public affairs that will look, or begin to look, to the practical adoption and spread of true constitutional liberty; or realize in the slave States, that it is polluting the very spirit of our institutions to administer the government as to strengthen and extend slavery.

Suppose, by way of example, the Representatives of the free States were as united and zealous in defending their rights as the South is watchful and untiring in upholding slavery,—can one doubt as to the result? Numerically, these free States have the power to do as they please, under the Constitution. In energy, business capacity, practical knowledge, they hold the palm. In the drill work of party, and the scheming of politics, they are alone inferior. But this would be of no disadvantage whatever, if the Representatives of the free States were firm and united upon the leading principles of constitutional freedom. And why are they not thus united? How comes it, day after day, and year after year, that they are insultingly borne down by their dare-die word against boasted Southern rights, or breathe forth a denunciation against Southern aggression? If they were supported at home, if there the people thought and felt rightly on the subject of slavery, and the public heart was as quick to feel its injustice, as it would be ready to resent its insults, these Representatives would not quail when asserting the right, any more than Southern members would dream of attacking them for doing it. And this condition of affairs, at Washington, would remove for ever from the political arena, slavery, as a means of political action. Southern members would be glad enough to let it rest where the Constitution had placed it. They would not venture, then, to boast of it as a blessing, or to make it in any way the topic of controversy or the subject of exciting debate, in or out of the halls of Congress, so that we might look for stability in our public affairs, and some degree of purity in our government.

But, if we turn from the political consideration to the moral, and look to the question of emancipation, we shall be equally well satisfied, that Slavery can only be uprooted by the entire and thorough union of the free States against it. What cares the planter in South Carolina, or the farmer in Kentucky, about human bondage, so long as the whole country holds it harmless? He dislikes it. He may think it not altogether right. Nay, he may be so far advanced as to admit that it is wrong, and that interest and duty combine to persuade him to get rid of it. But, long continued habits of self-indulgence—want of energy to do what he knows to be right—moral inability to effect any radical change in his mode of life—chain him to the car of slavery, and make him as thorough a slave as the poor blacks under him. Now, how such a being to be reached and roused? By what means shall we break him loose from his old habits, and infuse into him the spirit of a man? How teach him to realize the degrading influences of slavery on his own character, and its still more degrading influences upon his bond! Christianity! He has heard its precepts from boyhood up and it has not yet taught him the great truth of the brotherhood of man. Philanthropy! He will speak as eloquently as any one of the deeds of a Howard, and yet never stoop to unloose fetters worn by his own degraded serfs. Patriotism! None will glow with a warmer fire in denouncing the self-sacrifice of Hamlen Sydney, and yet the same tongue will order the lash to be applied to the poor slave, as if the rights for which Hamlen Sydney bled and died, were not God-given and common to all.

This reasoning, however, puts the case of slavery in its very midst form, and does not do justice either to the causes which uphold it, or to the means which are used to extend it. We live in a mercenary age. Money is, in a measure, our God. What is the desire to acquire territory, as a nation, but the carrying out of this spirit, as we see it in every-day life? What is the lust which fires the imagination of the soldier, as he plunges into a war with a neighboring nation, but the development of the mercenary struggle which exists all around us? Now the planter is as much filled and fired by this lust as any other man. We may see this in the calculations made in every speech about the abolition of slavery.—The cost! That is held up as the insuperable barrier to any scheme of universal freedom. We meet it at every turn, and, always, when we meet it, we hear the conclusion drawn: "It cannot be; there is not money enough in the country to purchase the freedom of the slaves in it." And if we mingle among slaveholders, generally, and get at their real views, we shall find the mercenary feeling the strong and controlling feeling with them. The cost! the cost! That is the stirring motive; and hence, in every slave State, slaveholders are united and energetic in defense of "their property," and use every means within their power to keep up its value, and to put it beyond the reach of assault, from within or from without.

This, then, is our position. Government, and not God, will follow citizens wherever they go, and slavery party. They possess nearly all the active political force of the nation, and not only so, but, and scorn in the Halls of Congress, and in social life, those men who venture to oppose them, but actually put them in a condition, in every particular, disagreeable, if not disgraceful. Now, under these circumstances, as the Boston Daily Herald asserts, there is left but one alternative. Either the present tide, which is carrying all of our institutions, except the forms, into a vortex of which slavery is the moving power, must be stayed by the people of the free States, or it is left to its course, it will bring on, in no very long time, a sudden and total dissolution of the bond of our Union. MUST BE STAYED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE FREE STATES! And how? By the simplest of all processes—by a direct and honest action in defence of freedom. Let the great majority of the people, in these free States, throw off all reserve—force their politicians, on every side, to plant themselves on the Constitution, and those principles which are at the root of all free government—and compel the press to exert all its intellectual and moral power, actively and strongly, for freedom, and the pro-slavery tide will be rolled back, and the country saved. This would be the result of a hearty and wise co-operation of the free States of the free States. But a wider good yet soon would follow. Only let the slaveholder feel the moment he sets his foot on the soil of Ohio, or New England, that he cannot defend slavery without being disgraced; only let the representative in Congress know, if he quails before Southern assumption, that he will be despised, as well as dishonored, and the battle is won. Nothing can prevent it. It is as sure as if the fiat were blazoned with light upon the vault of heaven. For then would come—what alone can prevent disunion, if not anarchy or military despotism in its worst form—the withering up of the cause of all danger, of that unmitigated curse of the land—human slavery.

The Cause! The Cause!
Friends, most earnestly do we hope that you will keep your eyes and your hearts firmly fixed on the great cause of freedom.
You who live in the free States know little of the difficulties those of us have to encounter, who in the midst of slavery speak in defence of universal liberty. There may be, as there is with you, strong party prejudice, and violent lawlessness of action against all who assert the doctrine of universal freedom, and endeavor, as far as they can, to carry it out. But there is in this animosity and lawlessness nothing which a common courage and perseverance may not overthrow. Nor so—not so—is it with us in the slave States! Wherever we go, and whatever we do, suspicion lurks around us, and the scowl of the multitude is heard in our ears, and social oppression in its worst and most hideous form, is heaped upon us with a weight which no human strength can seemingly overcome, and with a combined fierceness which no human courage may successfully combat. Yet we, a little band, some fifteen hundred strong, unlearned, for the most part, without social position, and possessing few of those advantages which belong in common to every man in the free States, have stood up, as we now stand up, resolutely to the noble task, in which we would spend and be spent, of making every being bearing the impress of God, free, and happy as we are free.

Friends, at such an hour, and at such a time as this, would you leave us without your expressed sympathy, and your warmest and truest affections? Would you for any cause disarm us of that which is our safety and your hope, a kindred affection, which kindred virtues only could awaken? If so, then are we struggling freemen amid slavery overwhelmed by the desertion of friends who know not, as we know, its degrading, heart-piercing oppression. If fame were our object, if mercenary rewards were the mean ends we sought,—if, worse than all, we were content with the gawdawntory, combining both these objects, our overthrow could not be too speedy and disastrous. But none of these things say we! There is not a ripple upon the waves in which we float, disturbed by a wind of selfishness, as a dash and a contumacious. We stand up, and all of us, conscious of our integrity, willing to brave the mighty, and battle against the strong, not only that we and ours, but that ALL may be free! We have bearded slaveholders in their compact union, and with their concentrated power, fearless, though fearing the result! Yet in doing this, we have counted from the beginning, on the closest sympathy and heartiest friendship of freemen in the free States. Whoever else might desert or quit us, we never dreamed that they, for any cause, would be faithless found, leaving us alone as it were amid a furious and exasperated foe, and destined to struggle on, with none but God, and our own hearts, to sustain us, against the most fearful odds ever yet encountered by man.

But, come what may, we will encounter them.—We know, as no man in the free States can know, the evils of slavery. We feel them at our heart's stones. They track us in the pathway of life with a piercing and freezing power. No free hand of labor can be lifted up to work out its own independence without the blow of slavery being degradingly dealt upon it. No toil of manhood, seeking in the sweat of its own brow, to rear for its children a home and competence, that is not smeared by its shame. No tongue that pleads against these terrible wrongs, defying or denouncing them, or with christian meekness, praying that they may be removed, that is not branded with an ignoble shame, and a demeaning shame. All this we will endure as we have endured; all, and more. Obloquy at home, and obloquy abroad—distraught and denunciations; or worse yet, neglect and contempt may follow our path; but as we tread it, our voice shall be lifted up in defence of man, and with an earnestness, which no unkindness may blunt, and a perseverance, which no opposition can subdue.

Electric Telegraphic Lines.
The lines of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph now finished are as follows:
New York to Boston.....252 miles.
New York to New Haven.....250 "
New York to Albany.....250 "
Albany to Rochester.....250 "
Rochester to Syracuse.....250 "
Syracuse to Buffalo.....250 "
Buffalo to Cleveland.....250 "
Cleveland to Harrisburg.....250 "
Harrisburg to Philadelphia.....250 "
Philadelphia to New York.....250 "
Total.....2500 miles.

The following lines will be completed in a very short time,—all of them by the 25th of August:
Troy to Albany will be finished on 4th July, 45 miles.
Albany to Buffalo.....100 July, 35 "
Troy to Saratoga.....100 July, 35 "
New York to Albany.....15th July, 173 "
Boston to Portland.....25th Aug. 100 "

Mr. HENRY O'REILLY, the gentleman who has contracted for the construction of the range between the Atlantic and Mississippi, including the Ohio valley and the Lake country, says in a Circular—
The arrangements for hurrying the work westward arrange me to say that the whole of the first section intersecting the New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington lines, will be completed to the Ohio river, at Pittsburgh and Wheeling, in four months from the first of July only. One-third of this first section, one hundred and twelve miles, between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, will be put in operation within the month of July, with a substantial iron cord, to insure stability.

The arrangements now making on the second, third, and fourth sections, between Wheeling and Columbus, Columbus and Cincinnati, Cincinnati and Louisville, it is believed will ensure the completion of the telegraphic connection between the Atlantic and the Mississippi before the close of December next, if the citizens of St. Louis and other places west of Louisville will promptly unite in the enterprise, by forming an association, and furnish the moderate portions of means requisite. The construction of the Lake branch of the route forming off from Pittsburgh to the chief cities between Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago, will be influenced by the desire which may be manifested by the people of the Lake country for participating in telegraphic intercourse with their fellow citizens wherever the "lightning line" extends its "mythic meshes."

It is thought that the Great Southern Line to New Orleans will be in operation some time in October. There will, therefore, in all probability, be

only one link wanting at the close of the present year to unite all the principal cities of the Union, viz: between Louisville and New Orleans. Even this may be completed during the year if the citizens of St. Louis, Memphis, Natchez and New Orleans so will it.

Capt. C. M. Clay.
We cheerfully give place to the following letter from Captain Clay. We have spoken with all impartiality and sincerity of his course; it is just that he should have an opportunity to speak for himself.—*Cin. Herald.*

CAMP OWSELEY, June 28th, 1846.
Mr. Editor.—(Relying upon the magnanimity which you have heretofore exhibited towards men not agreeing in all respects with yourself, I ask to say a few words through your columns to a portion of the public, not reached so readily through ordinary channels.)

After a hard and bitter struggle against the mobilities of the 18th of August, I find myself at the head of the O. S. cavalry, the oldest and most honorable company west of the Allegheny mountains.

I had just begun to flatter myself that I had proven to the State of Kentucky, that an honest avowal of an eternal war against slavery, did not of necessity deprive one of the confidence of the people of our noble State, however much the slaveholders might denounce him.

What was my surprise, then, to find myself all at once denounced by those who had heretofore stood by me in the hour of trial, as a traitor to my country.

Now, if I am a traitor to liberty, the South lie! If I am a traitor to slavery, the North lie!

I have renounced no principle ever avowed by me; I relax no effort for the maintenance and extension of my avowed: whom, then, and what have I betrayed?

Up to the time that Congress assumed the war, I protested against it, and whilst my duty as a soldier, and the "articles of war," require me, to abstain from disrespectful mention of any political and military superiors, I retract nothing I have said.

We in this republic have agreed that a majority should rule under constitutional limits. The two parties of the country have agreed that the Union should be maintained. There must either be an honorable, fair, and sincere support of the legal action of a nation, or open and manly rebellion. To support a bad cause is bad—rebellion under present circumstances is worse.

Upon no other principle can original existence be maintained. There must either be an honorable, fair, and sincere support of the legal action of a nation, or open and manly rebellion. To support a bad cause is bad—rebellion under present circumstances is worse.

Once more amidst the distrust of friends, and the impatient rage of triumphant enemies, I trust the wisdom of my conduct and the integrity of my motives to improve posterity, should my name survive me. I have the honor to be, Your friend and ob't serv't.
C. M. CLAY.

G. BAILEY, Esq.

Dreadful Disaster.
A letter dated Atlantic House

POETRY.

The following Poem contains passages which seem to us not inferior in force or grasp to the best of any living bard—surely not to any thing of Pollok's, which have won for him a wide if not lofty celebrity. The idea, of a spirit justly doomed for sins of presumption or pride to banishment for ages to planet after planet of our solar system, strikes us as essentially original.

Ed. Trib.

The Tiger-Jungle.—A Monodrama.
BY WILLIAM WALLACE.
I no upbraid ye, Powers will above,
In pale serenity of purpose firm,
Peering the mountains of Eternity—
My crime was dreadful: I knew and own;
Stern punishment not wrong; nor of the Gods
Unworthy; this I did confess before,
When the keen multitudinous eyes of Heaven—
In which a pity with just anger strove.
As moonlight struggle with a sullen sea—
Bent on me, trembling, and the deep sea held
Her breath to hear my doom.

To your decree
I humbly bowed—ye will remember this—
These which have been in a little while
To a far system in the round Abyss
Where I, shut out from Paradise, should take,
By painful turns, the various hues of life
That fill the solar world.

"Tis only thus,"
Ye said, "He can regain his old estate,"
Much pain I did expect, and albeit we,
That I, who saw the shadows of the Gods
Sometimes smile brightness on my uper path,
Should stand with me in the gloom of Hell,
The turning sentence to my steadfast soul
As mountains take the thunder on their heads,
Well knowing time would heal the wound, and make
All beautiful again.

So passed I on
Right through the Aiden gates, but the once
Looked back to wail advice to wife and child
And friends who wept upon the outer tower.
At midnight I did gain Heaven's extreme verge
That looks toward the North. A fiery hand
In the thick darkness started up before me,
Before me, pointing to a troop of orbs
Which brightly glared the far immense;
And then I heard a voice, so faint, so sad,
It seemed him full of tears, "Behold thy home!"
At once I stood in wonder, and I said:
But dwarfed to half my stature: Round me glowed
Bright creatures clad in luscious robes and crowned,
Whose language of itself harmonious moved,
A golden poetry: This was their only tongue,
These fire-eyed ministers of the Omnipotent Sun,
With these I dwelt some cycles of their sphere,
A high priest of the Beautiful, whose life
Was as a star that smiles and sings in Heaven.
The mystic hand flamed out the voice cried "Ox!"
I stood on belted and swinging looms,
With all the poplars of the world standing
In still Eternity. A countless host
The mighty world possessed, whose dreamy eyes
And jutting brows drooped heavily with thought.
There roamed I long and the little woods,
Or on the silent mountains of the North,
Or with illustrious shades discussing free
Questions that sound the very sea of things,
Whose hollows chant around the feet of God
A mystical deep melody—This passed.

The mystic hand flamed out the voice cried "Ox!"
I stood on belted and swinging looms,
With all the poplars of the world standing
In still Eternity. A countless host
The mighty world possessed, whose dreamy eyes
And jutting brows drooped heavily with thought.
There roamed I long and the little woods,
Or on the silent mountains of the North,
Or with illustrious shades discussing free
Questions that sound the very sea of things,
Whose hollows chant around the feet of God
A mystical deep melody—This passed.

The mystic hand flamed out the voice cried "Ox!"
I stood on belted and swinging looms,
With all the poplars of the world standing
In still Eternity. A countless host
The mighty world possessed, whose dreamy eyes
And jutting brows drooped heavily with thought.
There roamed I long and the little woods,
Or on the silent mountains of the North,
Or with illustrious shades discussing free
Questions that sound the very sea of things,
Whose hollows chant around the feet of God
A mystical deep melody—This passed.

And what had I, O
The many-moored and wonderful to eyes
Of mortal mood—It is people saw all space
A board whereon the Jan his problems drew
In lines exact, nor would allow a skill
Profunder far than that—Their vision took
So in the beautiful and the terrible,
Nor knew they that imagination gives [power]
The Ban who songs are chattering words his
Plodders who ever cry, "The Taven is found!"
When Heaven's bright Larks, in lone moments, sport
At all their hollow boasts.

A thousand years
Sat grimly on the mountains of the orb,
And wearily passed away to nothingness.
The mystic hand flamed out the voice cried "Ox!"
I moved afloat the cold, dead Moon, (poor Moon)
By Earth's misty mists, and its mists, and its mists,
Translucent spheres, in number four, here!
I stood on Earth, my last dim prison-house;
No other orb could take my lightning-life,
Ye Hierarchs! I had not looked for this—
The purgatories closed by Hell.

Dear Heaven!
Bear with me for a while, a little while;
For I am very sad.
In ages gone,
How glorious the Aiden gates will bright!
How do the mountains lift their quiet growth:
The valleys breathe their thanks to God in flowers:
The forests stretch their dark, religious depths;
And all the Oceans, girdled by the stars,
Clasp with a solemn love their wedded isles.
How beautiful! For still the Almighty Thought,
Forever searching for the Beautiful,
Bends vast Matter to the unchangeable will,
Delicate and stupendous as the high God wills,
In flowers or the sun. In this we find
The awful myth of the world, the world released,
Oh, yes, how bright this world! Despite the marsh,
The desert vast, and ice, and storm, and fire,
Which from the insolated cloud lands withering—
His forged for those whom this world was made
A Paradise.

Ah, ye who dwell above,
Bear with me for a while, a little while;
For I am very sad.
A son bent on his feeble sire's gray head
The murderous elub; then counted out the gold
We had clipped in the days that gave him birth,
But yesterday a man—listen, ye Powers!
I say a man of noble frame, and soul
For which the Immortals wait, was sold for peace,
And in his form I saw the hell of stripes—
While whole world rose and darted his hate
On him, the Seraphim, who would release,
Hear me; oh, hear! But yesterday I saw
A woman,—she who gradually rose
From a sweet bed of fatted, fragrant flowers,
Whom Heaven did vibrate its softest words
To music of divinest strains, who would release,
Hear me; oh, hear! But yesterday I saw
A woman gave her hand for gold, her form
Of subtle beauty for poor pelts, her heart,
The wild, tumultuous beating with the love
The One to whom the angels burn
Even in a City where the angels burn
Illustrious out, some thousands of stars
Which are Creation's festive crowns, live on
Unsexed to lust; and men who prove and prate
Of Virtue, hunt upon their haggard brows
A pious curse—nor lift a hand to save,
Well knowing that the world would heed them so.
But yesterday two stalwart nations met
In battle dire, and each, with God's great name
Upon its lips, went murdering all the day:
At eve, the sister nations, who would release,
Cried "Glorious! Glorious!" in the frightened wind;
And all his people, with an idiot smile
On their puffed cheeks, cried "Glorious!" to the stars,
That shuddered at the sound; and then they laid
Their necks beneath the Tex's crimson heel,
And smiling, called it "Liberty!" Ha! Ha!
Pardon, I said not that irreverent;
Thus my sick soul must vent itself in words—
As they live a sharp, perpetual death,
Mining their bones, the broad and lovely Earth,
A reeking slaughterhouse whose hideous stench
Defiles the Universe.

Three hundred years
Have laid their curses on my weary head,
I, who am not that wretched creature,
By hands of those whom they would but redeem:
I cannot die—for death is not my doom;
Then lift me to my home; my state restore;
My crime at last forgive.

The world's great change—I would I see
All rainbowed in the far-off future-time,
When men will stamp their dome-creeds to dust,
And know the Evangel in its very heart,
Regardless of the form.

Gods! ye have heard
My prayer, Take pity on your royal souls,
Nor further on the Suffering and Long-Tried
Vent royal wrath.

Hierarchs! I have done,
The Farmer.
"The farmer's life is the life for me!"
I love the quiet sunrise,
I love its shades, its hills, and dales,
I love its cheerful festive tales,
I love to tend the flocks and herds,
I love to hear the singing birds,
I love the sweet salubrious air,
I love the prospect wide and fair;
I love to plough, I love to sow,
I love to gather, love to mow,
I love the new-mown grass to smell,
I love to hear the sheep's lowing,
I love to tread the grassy lawn,
Along the brooks, among the corn;
I love—the whole, but not to leave
His pleasures all, in prose or verse.

As we sow, so shall we reap—in nature and morals.

The Winter Robin.

And what of that? A good deal, reader, if you love to have kindness symbolized, and to catch the play of genius as it does flow.

We are all superstitious. There is a feeling in every bosom which makes us desire to peep into the unseen, and to dream over the spirit-wonders of the spirit-land. Hasn't stood upon the wild prairie, when objects in the distance were growing dim, and, as the twilight was rapidly passing away, and making the treeless earth around look like a sea, and its long waving grass like undulating waves, and music at such an hour and place? If so, you will remember well, how shapes rose up before, and forest warrior bands, who had trod the spot once as their familiar home, crowded about you, and you seemed to be mingling with them as a friendly brotherhood. Or has been in the old country near some ancient castle, or upon some wild moor, about which tradition and song tell many a sad and daring story, when the sunlight was hid, and you saw objects as through a mist, converting them into wild shapes, and yet making each a representative of some humanizing feeling, stirring within your own bosom? If so, you have peopled the region round about you with knights and fair dames, and your fancy has made familiar acquaintance with the customs and courtesies, the rude generosity and ruder violence of the past. Superstition, in some form or other, sways us, and when not narrow or harsh, weaves around humanity a web of beauty, touching our finer feelings and softest sensibilities. Or has lost a loved one round whom clustered all your holiest affections, and been on the spot where oftentimes you have sported together, and given sweet play to the heart's communion? If so, you have seen that loved one in the vacant chair, or on the empty bench with the very look and expression of life. The bird may lead us whither we will under this influence. It comes to us, indeed, as a friendly spirit, and speaks to learned and unlearned, the rude and refined, as the messenger of a purer and better world.

No wonder, then, that the old grandmother, who had seen her little Jane across the moor, and who came night being lost and hidden by the blinding snow, that came feathering down on her return, and was saved by the Winter Robin, believed that it was an angel. Gerrold tells the story beautifully. These two, the grandmother and Jane Foster, lived in a lone cottage, over the moor from Rookfield. It was the depth of winter. Fuel they had; but one crust of bread, and a few pennies, was all that was left them for food. That crust of bread Jane gave to her grandmother, and then said, "I will live to Rookfield." The ailing old woman objected, but the answer, "we have no bread, no potatoes," satisfied her of the necessity of the step. She drew forth a gold wedding ring, a sacred memento of the past, and gave it to the girl, to pawn for money. Jane tramped away for Rookfield and soon was there.

She entered the pawnbroker's shop boldly, for she was not ashamed of honest poverty, and felt, perhaps, like many others who have sought, under temporary need, the same accommodation, that it is better to borrow money of a tradesman (not a usurer) in the way of business, than to ask a loan from a friend. The shopman, after many questions, and much impertinence, for he saw the girl was poor, and, in his own opinion, he was an individual of great importance himself, consented to take the ring, but would only lend half the sum demanded.

"Five shillings, and if you don't redeem it I shall lose by it," said the man, with as much apparent sincerity as if he spoke the truth.
"Well then, five shillings," sighed Jane.
The ticket was made out. The money was paid, and Jane left the shop. It was a great disappointment to have got only five shillings for the ring. It would not last long, husband it as best they might. She was strongly tempted to beg. Would her grandmother be angry? It was market-day at Rookfield, and there were many well-dressed people wading in the streets—ladies with smiling, happy faces—some of them leading by the hand little girls, younger than herself, who were snugly wrapped up in furs and pelisses. Then these ladies were buying at the shops—not money necessary, but luxuries and dainties—toys for their children, ornaments for their houses, fruits and preserves for family enjoyment.

"Ah," thought Jane, "these ladies who have so much money to spend will not refuse to help me. I won't show them the five shillings—but no—no," and she hastily corrected herself, "I have five shillings, and that, as grandmother says, will keep the wolf from the door. There are poor folks here, perhaps, who have not a penny—let them get alms from those who are disposed to give. If I were to beg, I should only wrong such as have neither money nor food."

Thoughts akin to these passed rapidly through the girl's mind, and she determined to return home without delay, lest her grandmother should grow uneasy at her long absence. And, in the act of increasing her pace, she felt for her money, which, folded in paper, she had thrust into her bosom, to assure herself that it was safe. Alas! alas! it was gone! The ticket was also gone.

They were gone. With ashy face and palpitating heart, she felt and felt again. Jenny sat, or wept—was the clergyman. Oppositely, or otherwise, it happened that at this critical time the reverend gentleman, who had been summoned to an hour before to attend the bedside of a dying man, returned home, accompanied by a friend who had joined him on the way.
"What—what—what is this?" exclaimed the clergyman, pointing with his gold-headed cane to the weeping girl. "A child crying on my doorstep! Really, how inattentive the servants are! The old cry, I dare say. Eh, Fisher? Want, hunger—that's it, eh?"
"I shouldn't wonder," replied the reverend gentleman's companion, with a shrug.
"Come—come—speak out, child," cried the pastor. "Didn't you hear me ask you what was the matter? Do you know who I am—ah! I am a clergyman and a magistrate! Do you hear that? I allow no beggar in Rookfield. I send them all to prison. What, you ain't frightened—ain't you?"
Certainly Jane Foster, although she had risen hastily and was wiping her eyes, was not in the least alarmed. She curtsied to

the gentlemen, and was in the act of moving away.
"Stop—stop—not so fast. I asked you what was the matter? She does look faint, does she not, Fisher?" said the clergyman.
"Y-e-s, I think she does, a lit—de," replied Fisher.
And if she did, there was nothing extraordinary in the circumstance, for she had walked a long distance, and had not broken her fast since the previous day, and then she had dined off potatoes.

"I feel confident that this is a case of my companion, with a singular intention to his foregoing remark. 'I'll unmask it. Now, my little maid,' he added aloud, 'what is your name, and where do you come from?'"

The girl replied to each of his queries.
"And what—I ask you for the third time—do you want on my doorstep?"
"As if she were following the Hindoo method of sitting in dharna," said Fisher, who had been a traveler.

"I—didn't mean any harm, sir," replied Jane, bursting afresh into tears. "I have lost five shillings; my grandmother sent me to pawn a ring, and I have lost the money."

The clergyman looked his friend solemnly in the face. "To pawn, to pawn!" he exclaimed, giving to each syllable due impressive enunciation. "The vice of the lower classes is abominable—to pawn!"

The shock was too immense for the reverend gentleman to contend against. He waved his hand, saying, "There, get away child, get away;" and walked into the house followed by his friend.

Jane hurriedly left that neighborhood. No good, she thought, could come from such a vicinity. But what was she to do? She must beg now, and haply she might meet with those who imputed to the lower orders something which was not "rice."

It was with a heavy heart that, turning out of the street in which the clergyman lived, she stood where the ladies passed home from the market, and looked in their faces with eager, hungry eyes. It began to snow just at this time. Timid and ashamed, she watched an opportunity to make her first appeal. But every one was in such haste to get home, now that the snow was falling, that her supplicating attitude, and pale, attenuated face were scarcely noticed, or gained only a cold, unsympathizing stare. Ah, it was sad for the poor girl to see so many fellow-Christians, not one of whom was willing to lend to their Maker an unalienable fraction of the wealth He had bestowed upon them. It is true that she had not petitioned with her tongue—but her eyes, her cheeks, her pinched limbs and bare attire, what eloquent tongues they had!

How impressive their oratory! But it was a week-day, and Charity was a theme for Sundays. Once in seven days, the rich folks in Rookfield condescended to call the poor their brethren. Who shall dare laugh at their belief? For are not the resolves, which, nobly taken, enable us to battle successfully with the storms of life, and conduct us safely HOME—angels, and guardian angels, too! So, here's God speed the Winter Robin on repeated missions.

GENOA.—Most of the apothecary's shops are great lounging places. Here, grave men with sticks sit down in the shade for hours together, passing a meagre Genoan paper from hand to hand, and talking, mostly, about the news. Two or three of these are poor physicians, ready to proclaim themselves on an emergency, and tear off with any messenger who may arrive. You may know them by the way in which they stretch their necks to listen when you enter; and by the sigh with which they fall back again into their dull corners, on finding that you only want medicine. Few people lounge in the barbers' shops; though they are very numerous, as hardly any man shaves himself. But the apothecary's has its groups of loungers, who sit back among the bottles, with their hands folded over the tops of their sticks;—so still and quiet, that either you don't see them in the darkened shop, or mistake them—as I did one gloomy night in the bottle green, one day, with a hat like a stopper—for Horse Medicine!

Festa-days, early in the autumn, are numerous. All the shops were shut up, twice within a week, for these holidays; and one night, all the houses in the neighborhood of a particular church, were illuminated, while the church itself was lighted, outside with torches; and a grove of blazing links was erected, in an open place outside one of the city gates. This part of the ceremony is prettier and more singular a little way into the country, where you can trace the illuminated cottages all the way up a steep hill-side; and where you pass festoons of tapers, wasting away in the starlight night, before some lonely little house upon the road.

On these days they always dress the church of the saint in whose honor the Festa is held, very gaily. Gold-embroidered festoons of different colors, hang from the arches; the altar furniture is set forth; and, sometimes, even the lofty pillars are swathed from top to bottom in tight-fitting drapery. The cathedral is dedicated to St. Lorenzo. On St. Lorenzo's day, we went into it just as the sun was setting. Although these decorations are usually in very indifferent taste, the effect, just then, was very superb indeed. For the whole building was dressed in red; and the sinking sun streaming in through a great red curtain, gave the interior a warm, golden glow, which was made all the more gorgeous by its own light. When the sun went down, it and gradually grew quite dark inside, except for a few twinkling tapers on the principal altar, and some small dangling silver lamps, it was very mysterious and effective. But, sitting in any of the churches towards evening, is like a mild dose of opium.

PARMA.—In Genoa, and hereabouts, they train the vines on trellis-work, supported on square clumsy pillars, which in themselves are anything but picturesque. But here they twine them around trees, and let them trail among the hedges; and the vineyards are full of trees, regularly planted for this purpose, each with its own vine twining and clustering about it. Their leaves are now of the brightest gold, and deepest red; and never was anything so enchantingly graceful and full of beauty. Through miles of these delightful forms and colors, the road winds its way. The wild fountains, the elegant wreaths, and garlands, of all shapes, the fairy nets flung over great trees, and making them prisoners in sport; the tumbled heaps, and mounds of exquisite shapes, upon the ground; how rich and beautiful they are! And every now and then, a long, long line of trees will be all bound and garlanded together, as if they had taken hold of one another, and were coming dancing down the field!—Dickens.

Chirp—chirp.
It was only a simple robin,—but God alone knows how greedily its presence cheered our little maiden, battling against the storm, on that shelterless and dreary moor. What trifling circumstance infused new life into the desponding breast? The Scotch warrior gleaned new vigor from watching the efforts of a spider. Mungo Park, when resigned to die in the African desert, beheld a tiny weed lifting its obscure head to the heaven that enshrouled it, and felt that God, who planted that humble vegetation there, and did not withdraw from it His sustaining hand, but sent the breeze to fan it, and the rain to water it,—would succor the child of His own likeness also;—and from that consoling thought, there grew such energy, that his limbs received new strength thereby, and he prosecuted his path anew, and arrived safely at the village he had despaired to reach.

And this little robin,—this humble robin, dearly beloved by tale and fable, and homely rhyme—of mine muse's spirit, its chirp, chirp, chirp—were but happy, and resolution and courage in the heart of the sinking child, that there was no longer any question of her sinking and dying; but a certainty that she should be helped by her grandmother again, and live, please God, to bless Him in after years for preserving her amidst the dangers of that afternoon.

The robin, too, became her guide. Not that she could have missed her way, but the trodden path being hidden by the snow, one direction, so that she did not wander far from the conjectured track, was as good as another. And the robin went right onward, hopping now, now flying, and ever strengthening her resolution. And so she found herself, ere long, at the door of her grandmother's cottage, and then she saw the robin no more.

She related her story to her grandmother while warming herself at the fire which blazed on the hearth. And oh, what fervent thanksgiving ascended that night from the lowly roof to the Throne of Glory!

The next morning there came a knock at the cottage door, and when Jane opened it, who should present himself but the sailor who had given her five shillings on the previous afternoon. He started with surprise at seeing Jane, and inquired whether Dame Foster lived there. When Jane replied that she did, the seaman gave a cry of joy.

"That's Richard's voice," exclaimed the old woman from within. "I know it is. God be praised. He has sent me back my son."

"My mother, my dear mother," cried the sailor, rushing into the cottage.
We pass the scene which followed.
"And so this is my Jane,—my own child," said the seaman, presently, taking her in his lap, and kissing her for full five minutes without drawing breath.

"Yes, that is poor dead Mary's child," said the grandmother. "It was her mother's wedding-ring that she pawned yesterday."

The old woman, the neighbors, Jane herself, all assert that it was no robin; but an angel from the skies, who came over the world, but who would not wield it. His whole soul was devoted to the one object of doing good. Though houseless and penniless, he fed thousands by his bounty, and bestowed gifts which gold could not purchase. Disease fled before him, and the tomb yielded its occupants. The blind looked for the first time upon the face of the beloved, the dumb grew eloquent, the deaf drank in the words of kindness. Over the heart he held equal sway.—The cruel became merciful, the miser, generous; the haughty, meek; the ambitious, contented with an humble fortune. Tender and considerate, no harsh expression left his lips, no harsh thought dwelt in his bosom.

Yet as had been foretold, this life of unweary love was rewarded by treachery and death. Terrible indeed was the exhibition of God's agony during his dying agonies. The veil of the temple was rent, the graves were opened and the sleepers aroused from their rest. The sun shrouded his glory and hid his face from the unutterable sin.

Time passed and nature resumed her course. The day was again brilliant, the night radiant with stars, and the earth received again her children, and fondly decorated their bed with greenness and beauty. But one pale blossom, in memory of the great event, has worn a cross upon her breast, and men call it the passion flower.

Christina Watson.

JENKINS.—The custom of judging whether a man has a soul or no soul, by his disposition in regard to money matters, is not unaptly illustrated by the following: A sturting man, in great wrath, was rating a neighbor, who had overreached his wife in the sale of a remnet-bag.

"I know you, stinging dog, you and your fa-a-ther before you—when you was bo-o-um your fa-a-ther found a so-ol would cost a shi-illing, and he could get a gizz-zard for a ninnepence, and he bo-ought a-a-gizz-zard."

AGRICULTURAL.

Inducement of Agriculture on Streams.

What is the inducement of cutting down forests and clearing land, upon the springs and streams of fresh water? This question is one of great importance to every people. It is ably discussed and fairly answered by Boussingault in his "Rural Economy," wherein he comes to the conclusions:—That extensive destructions of forests lessens the quantity of running water in a country; though it is not possible to say precisely whether this diminution is caused by a smaller quantity of rain annually, or to more active evaporation, or both together: That the quantity of running water does not appear to have diminished in countries which have not been cultivated;—That independently of preserving running streams, by retarding evaporation, forests economize and regulate their flow; and that agriculture established in a dry drier, not covered with forests, renders it yet drier.

Mr. Boussingault, in his essay, exhibits the following conclusions:—That the M. de Humboldt, after the most careful examination of all the circumstances, did not hesitate to ascribe the diminution of the waters of the Lake Valencia, to the extensive clearings which had been effected in the course of half a century in the Aragua valley. "In felling the trees which covered the crowns and slopes of the mountains," says this celebrated traveller, "men in all climes seem to be bringing upon future generations two calamities at once—a want of fuel and a scarcity of water."

There are, in fact, a variety of circumstances, under the influence of which the diminution of running streams can be shown to be connected with more active evaporation. I shall confine myself to the mention of two particular instances: one noticed by M. Desbassins de Richemond, in the Island of Ascension; the other is from observation by myself, and is among the hard facts which I gathered during my residence of several years in the mines of Marmato.

In the Island of Ascension there was an excellent spring, situated at the foot of a mountain originally covered with wood;

this spring became scanty and dried up after the trees which covered the mountain had been felled. The loss of the spring was rightly ascribed to the cutting down of the timber. The mountain was afterwards planted anew, and in a few years afterwards the spring reappeared by degrees, and by and by flowed with its former abundance.

The metalliferous mountain of Marmato is situated in the province of Popayan, in the midst of immense forests. The stream along which the mining works are established, is formed by the junction of several small rivulets, which take their rise in the table-land of San Jorge. The country, which overlooks the establishment is thickly wooded.

In 1826, when I visited the mines for the first time, Marmato consisted of a few miserable cabins, inhabited by negro slaves. In 1830, when I quitted the country, Marmato had the most flourishing appearance. It was covered with work-shops; it had a foundry of gold, machinery for grinding and amalgamating the ores, &c., and a few population of nearly three thousand inhabitants. It may be readily imagined, that in the course of these four years an immense quantity of timber had been cut down, not only for the construction of machinery and of houses, but for fuel and the manufacture of charcoal. For the facility of transport, the felling had principally gone on upon the table-land of San Jorge. But the clearing had scarcely been effected two years before it was perceived that the quantity of water for the supply of the machinery had notably diminished. The volume of water had been measured by the work done by the machinery, and actual gauging at different times showed the progressive diminution of the water. The question assumed a serious aspect, because at Marmato, as in the mining power, wood of which is the moving power, wood of the course be attended with a proportional diminution in the quantity of gold produced. Now in the Island of Ascension, and at Marmato, it is highly improbable that any merely local and limited clearing away of the forest should have had such an influence upon the constitution of the atmosphere as to cause a variation in the mean annual quantity of rain which falls in the country. More than this, as soon as the diminution of the stream at Marmato was ascertained, a pluviometer, or rain gauge, was set up, and in the course of the second year of observation a larger quantity of rain was gauged than in the first year, although the clearing had been continued; still there was no appreciable difference in the size of the running stream.

A couple of years' observation is unquestionably insufficient to show any definite variation of the quantity of rain that falls. But the observations made at Marmato, still establish the fact, that the mass of running water had diminished in spite of the larger quantity of rain which fell. It is therefore probable that local clearings of forest land, even of very moderate extent, cause springs and rivulets to shrink, and even to disappear, without the effect being ascribed to any diminution in the amount of rain that falls.

The continent of America presents us, on the largest scale, with two regions, placed in the same conditions as to temperature, but in which we successively encounter the circumstances which are most favorable to the formation and fall of rain in one case, and to its absence in the other.

Setting out from Panama, and proceeding towards the South, we encounter the bay of Cupica the provinces of San Bonaventura, Choco and Esmeraldas; in this country, covered with thick forests, and intersected with a multitude of streams, the rains are almost incessant; in the interior of Choco scarcely a day passes without rain. Beyond Tumbez, towards Payta, another order of things commences: the forests have entirely disappeared, the soil is sandy, agriculture scarcely exists, and here rain is almost unknown. When I was at Payta, the inhabitants told me it had not rained for seventeen years! The want of rain is common in the whole of the country which surrounds the desert of Secura, and extends to Lima; in these countries, rain is as rare as trees are.

In Choco, where the soil is thickly covered with trees, it rains almost continually; and on the coasts of Peru, where the soil is sandy, without trees, and devoid of verdure, it never rains; and this, as I have said, under a climate which enjoys the same temperature, and whose general features and distance from the mountains are nearly the same.

The Science of Mowing.

Although many grass fields have been much hurt by the ice, or winter killed, yet we hope that there will be plenty of mowing by-and-by. A writer in the New-York Mechanic, gave the following rules for young beginners to mow easily and handsomely.

"The first thing," he says "is to keep the scythe sharp. No man can be a good mower without it. I have become a good mower," said he, "when I fell in company with not only a good mower, but a scientific one; and after the second or third day, finding that I could not keep up with him without doing myself an injury, and painful as it was for me to acknowledge it (for I was ambitious), yet I was compelled to call my friend to a stand in the midst of a swath. I said, Mr. Picket, if you know anything which you can communicate to me of the skill of mowing, I beg of you to do so, for I am exhausted, and I may as well confess at once, that I cannot keep up with you. He stopped, came back, took my scythe and explained to me the main governing principles. I adopted them, and in less than one hour I could keep up with him in perfect ease. Indeed, I had 20 per cent. more physical strength than he had. It was science alone that enabled him to lead me to this extreme." The rules that this person taught him were the following—1st. The scythe should hang natural and easy, and be kept in the rate order. 2d. As you approach the standing grass, let the heel of the scythe move to the very point of commencement, and let it stop the instant it has done its work. Thus there is nothing lost by a forward or backward swing. If the grass stands up so as to admit of moving on, measure with the eye the utmost capacity forward of your scythe; take a quick, easy gait, moving your right foot well up towards the standing grass, and your body with it, though leaning back by bending the knees a little forward, so as to bring your whole weight to bear upon the scythe, without twisting the body from right to left, as many do; thus giving ease to each clip, and ability to repeat it in an advanced position without fatigue.

The above rules were not satisfied as good. Many who are considered good mowers have nevertheless thought them, and hardly can they themselves how they mow. They put it through" by main strength. The operation, like every other mechanical business, is based on certain natural and rational principles, which, when understood, will render the labor less laborious, and of course more pleasant and efficient.

C. FOSTER & CO.
WACHTER PRINTING PRESS MANUFACTORY. The attention of Printers and Publishers generally is respectfully invited to the new and improved WASHINGTON HAND PRESSES, being the only improvements made in the last four years, all of which we will warrant equal to any manufactured East or West.

All purchasers of our presses can have their names engraved on the extra pulled work without charge, by giving twenty-four hours notice. The presses are made by C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial, and Bookholder's materials, and by the following names:—Cincinnati, Ohio, C. FOSTER, late Foreman of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, the inventor and builder of the press called Foster's Power Press, and by the Cincinnati Atlas, the Enquirer, Kendall & Barnard, also the Franklin, Commercial,